

THE GRAIN GROWERS'

Song Book

FOR USE IN LOCAL MEETINGS

AND

ASSOCIATION CONVENTIONS



The
Saskatchewan Grain Growers'
Association, Limited

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A FOREWORD

We are issuing this book in response to the desire of our members for a collection of songs suitable for use in our annual conventions and local meetings. A considerable amount of earnest thought has been given to this matter in order to ensure a collection which would not only include a number of the most popular songs and hymns, but also some which would express the aims and ideals of the Association. The hymns, especially, will be found very suitable for Grain Growers' Sunday services.

It will be noticed that this collection is much larger and more varied than any previously issued by us. Notwithstanding this, however, it has been found necessary to omit many of the songs suggested by our members. Some of these, while good in themselves, were unsuited for massed singing, while others were copyright works and were therefore unavailable.

It was our intention originally to issue an edition with music, but this has not been found practicable at the present time. We hope, however, to take up this matter at a later date, and shall be glad to receive any further suggestions from our members. In the meantime we have tried to confine ourselves to compositions which are already well known, or for which music is readily available.

In making our selection we have endeavored to preserve as high a tone as possible consistent with the inclusion of compositions which we believed would make a general appeal to our members, and whatever its shortcomings may prove to be, we trust we have secured a selection which will meet with the approval of our people.

THE GRAIN GROWERS' SONG BOOK

Songs

1

O CANADA

1. O Canada, our home and native land,
True patriot love from all thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North strong and free,
And stand on guard: O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Refrain—

O Canada, O Canada,
O Canada, We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada, We stand on guard for thee.

2. O Canada, Where piñes and maples grow,
Great prairies spread, and bodily rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From east to western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free.
3. O Canada, Beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons, and gentle maidens rise
To keep thee steadfast through the years,
May this their purpose be,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland,
Our true North, strong and free.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
And planted hem Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Refrain—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

2. At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, home, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never.
Our watchword ever more shall be
The Maple Leaf forever.
3. Our fair Dominion now extends,
From Cape Race to Nootha Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plentious store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's Home,
The Maple Leaf forever.
4. On every England's far-flamed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

THE GOLDEN SHEAF

(Tune: The Maple Leaf)

- When first from eastern homelands far
Came our sires to settle here,
High purposes won in many a test
And courage conquered fear;
And we their sons who follow them
Acclaim today together,
The emblem of our purpose high,
The golden sheaf forever.

Refrain—

The golden sheaf, our emblem dear,
The golden sheaf forever,
Badge of our true democracy,
The golden sheaf forever.

- Our fathers on their prairie land
Joined for mutual help and ward,
And as their simple badge they chose,
The circled sheaf we guard.
And we with principles today,
That bind us strong together,
Hold still as badge of unity,
The golden sheaf forever.
- 'Gainst greed and wrong we war as they
Responsive to our nation's call,
And plan to build democracy
With equal rights to all;
And following still the forward gleam
We stay our hearts together,
And well command our badge to all:
The golden sheaf forever.
- We still have foes that darkly frown,
Spotters of the common weal,
And profiteers in things of state,
Who scorn the hopes we feel:
But strong in might and strong in right
And true of heart together,
Our day of victory shall result
The golden sheaf forever.

4. HOME SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pains we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow all
there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

Refrain—

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
There's no place like home, there's no place
like home.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer
than all.

5. LOCH LOMOND

1. By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie brae,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond;
Where me and my true love were ever wont to
gaze,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Refrain—

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the
low road,
And I'll be in Scotland aye yet,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond;
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon, coming out in the gloaming.

3. The little birds are singing and the wild flowers spring.
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping;
But the broken heart it keeps no second spring
again.
Tho' the winds may cease from their greeting.

KILLARNEY

1. By Killarney's lakes and falls,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Memory over fondly strays.
Beauties of nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Refrain—

Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney.

2. No place else can charm the eye,
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or beprints,
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn spring's natal day;
Bright hues berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.

3. Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmed tints below,
Seems the heaven above to vibrate,
All rich colors that we know
Tinge the cloud-wreath in that sky.

ANNIE LAURIE

1. Maxwellton's brass are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.
2. Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her a'is,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.
3. Like the dew on the gowen lying,
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the
bloom.
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by Hard Times comes knocking at the
door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Refrain—

Weep no more my lady, Oh weep no more today
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

2 They burst no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore.
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon.
On the bench by the old cabin door
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkeys have to part.
Then my old Kentucky home, good night

3 The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go.
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow
A few more days for to tote the weary load.
No matter, 'twill never be light
A few more days will we tarry on the road.
Then my old Kentucky home, good night

AULD LANG SYNE

1 Should said acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Refrain—

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

2 We two ha' run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

3 We two ha e gend t o the bren
Free mornin' sun till done.
But soon between us bren ha e roared,
Sin avoid long ayne.

4 Then here's a hand, my trusty foun'
And giv's a hand o' these,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For sold long ayne.

10 OLD FOLKS AT HOME

1 Way down upon de Suwanee Ribber
Far, far away.
Dere's where my heart is turnng ebbin',
Dere's where de old folks stay
All up and down de whole crest on
Sudly I room,
Still longing for de old plantation.
And for de old folks at home.

Refrain—

All de world am sad and dreary
Ebery where I room,
O darkness, how my heart grows wearey
Far from the old folks at home

2 All round de bille farm I waddered,
When I was young,
Den many happy days I waddered,
Many de songs I sung,
When I was playing wod my brodder,
Happy was I,
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere set me lib and de.

3 One little hut among de bushes.
One dat I lare,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushin,
No matter where I rove.
When shud I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo thumping,
Down in my good old home?

MARCHING TO VICTORY

(Tune "Marching Thro' Georgia")

1. Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with the spirit that will help the world along.
Sing it as we now can sing, two hundred thousand strong,
As we're marching to victory.

Refrain—

Hurrah! Hurrah! We fight for Equity
 Hurrah! Hurrah! A world democracy
 Fight, from exploitation every brother to make
 free,
 As we're marching to victory

2. We must carry on the fight, no matter when it ends,
 Labor men and soldiers too, will join us as their friends,
 On our solid unity the good of all depends,
 As we're marching to victory
3. Fighting for democracy, with bullets in our guns,
 Tyrants and the plutocrats—we'll beat them to the run.
 All the borders of privilege will soon be on the run,
 For we're marching to victory

THE DAY OF RIGHT

(Tune "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

1. The farmers of the prairie lands are passing in their might,
 Exulting in a Principle, a Cause for which they fight
 The sacred cause of Justice, the establishment of Right,
 And Equal Rights to all

Refugee—

Oh! 'Tis time to get together,
Join and help us get together,
We have vowed to stand together
For the day of Peace and Raga.

1. The farmers of the prairie lands have right upon their side,
Their platform is the people's—democratic—nation-wide,
Their cause, the ancient cause for which brave
hearted men have died—
For Equal Rights to all
2. The farmers of the prairie lands know well the
for they fight.
The Profiteers of Privilege, full armed with legal
right
Against that great bluff we need to solidly unite.
For Equal Rights to all
3. The farmers of the prairie lands today extend
a hand
To town and country East and West where
men for freedom stand.
Their very cross flamed out today, and every
field is manned
For Equal Rights to all
4. The farmers of the prairie lands, their wives
and kith and kin,
Link up today true-hearted all to help the fight
to win.
Assured that for our Canada a new day will
begin,
With Equal Rights to all

13 THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL.

- 1 Nights are growing very lonely, days are very long.
I'm a-growing weary only listening for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

Refrain—

There's a long, long trail a winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And a white moon beams,
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down that long
long trail with you.

- 2 All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low,
Seems I hear your footsteps telling,
Everywhere I go,
Though the road between us stretches many a
wavy mile,
I forget that you are not with me yet
When I think I see you smile.

14 THE CRAIN GROWERS' MILITANT SONG

(Tune "Men of Harlech")

- 1 Neighbors all with resolution
Join the Farmers' Combinations
Spreading wide throughout the nation
With a peaceful soul.
There's no time for grumbling: rather help the stumbling
Qual your fears and buckle on the armor without fumbling.

These are times that ask aggression,
From the last recent accession,
Fighting greed and long oppression
For the good of all.

2. Opposition hosts are legion.
Quiet now would mark but treason,
Comrades, is there any reason
You should stand aside?
By the Faith of Leaders none of whom deceived
us,
Such the Faith and such the Fight that none
should ever leave us.
Ours not to cringe and cower,
Ours to seize the Heavenly Power,
Righteousness and Godly Power,
Stemming evil rule.

3. While there's much to cause us gladness
In the past decades of sadness,
There remains some human goodness
To be born anew.
Wake up from the reverie, He who trod the
wine-press
Was alone and yet emerged triumphant from
the process.
With our forces all united,
Hopes of foes will sure be blighted
We'll possess the land we've sighted
In the cause that's free.
—John Hobson, Asquith.

15 THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

1. There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the man on his labour with pleasure did
smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shaves thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro'
the moorland,
And he said to the dear little Shamrock of
Ireland,

Refrain—

The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

1 That dear little plant still grows in our land,
From end to end as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in,
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the bogs,
and the moorland,
Just like our dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

3 That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Divides from the stalk we together should pull,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the bogs, and the
moorland,
From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.

16. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

1 Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee,
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping
Hil, and vale in slumber sleeping,
Love alone his watch is keeping,
All through the night

2 Though I roam a minstrel lonely,
All through the night
My true harp shall praise thee only,
All through the night
Love's young dream, also, is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover,
Near the presence of my lover,
All through the night.

8. Hark, a solemn bell is ringing,
Clear through the night.
Thou, my love, art heavenward winging,
Home through the night
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
Soul immortal thou than waken.
With thy last dear journey taken,
Home through the night

17 OPT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

1. Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light,
Of other days around me
The smiles, the tears, of childhood's years,
The words of love then spoken
The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone.
The cheerful hearts now broken
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me

2. When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one, who stands alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me

16 THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

- 1 The harp that once thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were dead,
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glories in the ill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for prayer,
Now feel that pulse no more
- 2 No more to chaunt and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells,
The chord alone that breaks at night
Is taunt of Tara tells
That freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.



Bhymns

19. O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

(Tune 'St. Ann.')

1. O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.
2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her bane,
From everlasting Thou art God
To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
5. Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
6. O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while troubles last
And our eternal home.

(Tune 'St. Gertrude')

1

Onward! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe
 Forward into battle,
 See! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before

2

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee,
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of grace
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Laud yourathens cause.

3

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod,
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope, in doctrine,
 One in charity

4.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail
 We have Christ's own promise—
 That can never fail.

Onward, then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song—
 Glory, and honour,
 Unto Christ the King!
 Through countless ages
 Men and angels sing

21 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus
 Ye soldiers of the Cross
 Lift high His royal banner
 It must not suffer loss.
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet-call obey,
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day!
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes
 Let courage rouse with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone,
 The arm of flesh will tell you,
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the Christian's armour,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long,
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

23 ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION

(Tune "Austria")

- 1 Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side
Some great cause, God's new Manhood,
Offering each the bloom or blight
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light
- 2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And be prosperous to be just,
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude makes virtue
Of the faith they had denied.
- 3 By the light of burning martyrs
Christ's own bleeding beat I track,
Tolling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back
New occasions teach new duties
Time makes ancient good uncouth
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper
 Yet 'tis truth alone is strong
Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be wrong
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
 Keeping watch above His own

23

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

(Tune "Bethany")

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
 Nearer to Thee!

2

Though, like the wanderer
 The sun goes down,
Darkness be over me,
 My rest a scound,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
 Nearer to Thee!

3

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me
 In mercy given
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee!

4

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony grist
 Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Clearing the sky.
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upwards I'll fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

(Tune "Sandon")

1 Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.
Lead Thou me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me

2 I was not ever thou, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on
I loved to choose and set my path, but now
Lead Thou me on
I loved the garish day, and spate of fears
Pride ruled my will, remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it is I
Will lead me on
Over road and sea, over crag and torrent till
The night is gone.
And with the morn these angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE DAY THOU GAVEST

(Tune "St. Clement")

1 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest,
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unceasing
Whale earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor does the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the Western sky
And hour by hour fresh lips are spoken
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord, Thy Throne shall never
Like earth's great empires, pass away
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever
Til all Thy creatures own Thy sway

26 FATHER IN HEAVEN, WHO LOVEST ALL

(Tune: *Eden* or *Wareham*)

- 1 Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call—
That they may hold from age to age
An undefiled heritage.
- 2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadiness and surety, truth—
That in our time Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.
- 3 Teach us to rule ourselves always
Controlled and cleanly right and day—
That we may bring off need alone
No mourned or worthless sacrifice.

4. Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge, and not our friends—
That we with Thee may walk uncawed
By fear or favour of the crowd.
5. Teach us the strength that cannot sink,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak—
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.
6. Teach us delight in simple things—
And worth that has no bitter springs—
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

27

HELP ME, O LORD

(Two Verses. Greetings. Faith, or Beatitude.)

1. Help me, O Lord, to do my part
My brother's need to bear,
With ready hand and tender heart
His care and woes to share.
2. Enlarge my views, and save my mind
From narrow, selfish aims,
Teach me that every child of Thine
On me and mine hath claim.
3. In hungry man and abject bairn
Thine image may I see
The law of love for ever teach—
Ye did a unto Me.
4. Walk with me, Lord, and fill my heart
So full of love divine,
That lonely eel and busy mart
May hear Thy voice in mine.
5. So may I strive, through life's fierce strife,
To hearten those who fight,
Lifting men up, yet all my life
Leaning on Thy sure might.

(Tune "Whitburn" or "Aruza")

- 1 He liveth long who liveth well
All other life is short and vain.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
- 2 He liveth long who liveth well
All else is living living away.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
- 3 Be what thou seemest, live thy creed
Hold up to earth the torch divine.
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master a step be thine.
- 4 Fill up each hour with what will last
Buy up the moments as they go.
The life above, when thou a part,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
- 5 Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap.
Who sows the false shall reap the vain.
Errect and sound thy conscience keep
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
- 6 Sow love, and taste its fragrance pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright.
Sow sunshine on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

(Tune "Holly")

- 1 Go, labour on, spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will.
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on, this not for naught,
 Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain
Men heed thee not, praise thee not
 The Master praises what are men?

3 Go, labour on while it is day,
 The world's a dark night is hastening on
Speed, speed thy work, cast cloth away
 It is not thus that souls are won

4 Men die in darkness at your side
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb.
Take up the torch, and wave a while,
 The torch that lights time's blackest gloom.

5 Toil on, tare not, weep, watch, and pray
 Be wise, the erring soul to win.
Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil repose
 For toil comes rest, for exile home.
Soon shall thou hear the Bridegroom's voice—
 The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

30

GOD BE WITH YOU

1 God be with you till we meet again,
 By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His abeg securely hold you
 God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus—

Till we meet, till we meet,
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet
Till we meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again,
 Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily means still provide you
 God be with you till we meet again.

3. God be with you till we meet again.
When life's a puzzle thick confound you
Put His saving arms around you.
God be with you till we meet again.

4. God be with you till we meet again
Keep love's banner floating o'er you
Smile death's threatening wave before you
God be with you till we meet again!

31 CAPTAIN OF ALL TRUE MEN

(Tune 'Duke St.')

1. Captain of all true men, we stand,
Soldiers of Thine, to serve our land
To serve our land by serving Thee
And in Thee all humanity
2. Our Saviour King, faithful and strong
We stand to arms to fight the wrong.
Lead us to war as Thou hast led
The spirits of the mighty dead.
3. The tyrant Self with giant power,
Shall stern in vain our fenced Tower
Thy strength shall make us brave and true
To do the things Thou wouldest do.
4. As languid flowers, blessed by the sun
Lift up their heads to heaven again,
So may our men by Thy life fed,
Bring new life to the dying dead.
5. Into the fight with Thee we go,
Men's soulless greed to overthrow
That all may live happy and free,
In endless love and equity
6. Captain of all true men we stand,
Soldiers of Thine, to serve our land
To serve our land, by serving Thee
And in Thee all humanity

THESE THINGS SHALL BE

(Tune: "Rockingham")

1. These things shall be a loftier race
Thus over the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of know edge in their eyes.
2. They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may point man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
3. Nation with nation, land with land,
Learned shall live as comrades free
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
4. Men shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.
5. New arts shall bloom on loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

OUR NATIVE LAND

(Tune: "National Anthem")

1. God bless our native land!
True may she ever stand
Through storm and night
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of Wind and Wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For here our prayer shall rise
To Thee above the skies,
 On Thee we wait,
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry
 God save the State!

3 Not in this land alone,
But be Thy name known
 From shore to shore
Let all the nations see
That men can brothers be,
And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

34 MY COUNTRY, THOU SHALT BE.

(Tune: "National Anthem")

My country, thou shalt be
Sweet land of liberty,
 When justice reigns
When darkness turns to light,
When wrongs are changed to right
When truth asperses her might
 And breaks our chains.

2 Then poverty shall cease,
Wealth, comforts, joys increase
 On every hand
None shall know want or care,
Earth's bounties all shall share,
Rejoicing everywhere,
 Oh, blessed land!

3 Great God, we cry to Thee
May righteous liberty,
 To us be given,
Help us to see the right
Thy children all unite,
Lead in victorious fight,
 Till earth be heaven.

1. God save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!
2. Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!



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